

Council upholds ...

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all the criteria the minister had laid down but he felt just opposing it was not going to get the town anywhere.
"Change is hard to accept," he acknowledged but felt being part of a larger unit didn't necessarily take the reins away from the people. He cited the garbage problem, pollution crisis and lack of foresight in planning as being more efficient under regional control. He foresaw better deals on capital borrowing, more economical rail fares and answers to many problems, through regional government.

Councillor Marks said it was foolish to oppose the regional government proposal and wise to follow the minister's recommendations for advice on the second tier.
"The only thing the minister wants is concrete ideas," he told council.
Several councillors disagreed with Mr. Marks' suggestions but he kept urging a look at the future.

Councillor Earl Mazales said he conceded some things would be better left on a local level and others would be better off treated regionally. "I'm for maintaining Halton," he said, suggesting a step-up in county responsibilities. He cited an incinerator as one problem he would concede to the county.
"I'm reluctant to give in easily," commented Mayor Duby.

Councillor Orv Chapman, next in the around-the-table discussion wondered if costs had been considered. They said the county school board would be cheaper but wait till we get the tax levy for education. The tier system is closer to the people, he asserted. For example, look at the numbers who vote in Acton compared to Toronto.

Mayor Duby admitted he had spent considerable time in thinking regional but felt there were too many unknowns to endorse the minister's plan.
"I've heard a lot of talk but it all boils down to county level."

Councillor Greer summed discussion up. "Let's stay as we are but progress into regional government in six or seven years."
"It's only one man with a pipe dream," Mr. Tyler charged, "just like Mr. Davis."

Each councillor, in turn summed up his case:
McKenzie: Support county regional government. I agree with Councillor Greer but a few things should happen by next year. Enlarge county council because there are more duties to discharge.
Cooks: Favor regional government on county basis with redistribution of boundaries within two years. Agree to a county unit with a time table.

Marks: Completely in favor of Halton and Peel as a region and haven't heard anything here tonight to change my mind. I suggest a lower tier of two representatives from Acton, three from Esqueaux and four from Georgetown. Put all our eggs in one basket and we're sure to lose the ball game.
Greer: Once there was a North Halton High School Board which couldn't agree on a big school at Speyside. How will communities agree now? Support regional government on county level with a time table.

Duby: Concur with Councillors Greer, Cooks and the majority.
Deputy Reeve Tyler and Councillor Marks, on opposite sides of the argument, opposed a motion which passed resolving that Acton support the County of Halton as a regional unit with gradual development to a full regional unit of government.

False alarm

Boys believed to have been playing with flares were believed responsible for a false fire alarm around 8 o'clock Saturday evening.

Firefighters responded to the call, which reported a fire in the old drill sheds beside the community centre, but could locate no trace of fire.
Several people in Lakeview subdivision also reported seeing flames by the drill shed.



ROSELL FAMILY, which figures in the "Story of the Burnt Shirt" includes, front row, Mrs. Stephen Rosell, George, Hannah, Perry, and Mr. Stephen Rosell; standing Sam, Mighter, Tom. It was Sam who wrote this account of a part of his youth he still recalls vividly.



LISTENING FOR PEDRO'S SINGING are Bonnie Bristow as the ambassador's daughter, and Danny Manes as her singing professor in the romantic adventure "Behind Castle Walls".—(Staff Photo)

POOR SPORTS
Between 2,500 and 3,000 persons are convicted of fishing or hunting illegally in Ontario every year. They lose their equipment and pay fines which total more than \$50,000.

The first service for the blind of Canada was a library set up in 1906 in Markham. Today, the Canadian National Institute for the Blind serves 5,000 readers with books in Braille and on recordings.



WORSHIPFUL MASTER D. W. Van Fleet and officers of Walker Lodge for 1060 were installed recently. Left to right, front row, Bro. Malbourne Blow J.D., Bro. C. L. Rogovakion J.W., W.M. D. Van Fleet, Bro. W. J. Patrick S.W., Bro. Ray Thompson S.D., Back, W. Bro. R. H. Elliott treasurer, Bro. George Hargrave S.S., Bro. G. H.

Musselle chaplain, Bro. Roy Knapp J.S., Bro. Ray Mason I.G., and V.W. Bro. H. L. Ritchie secretary. Mixing are W. Bro. George Lee I.P.M., W. Bro. E. G. Franklin D. of C. Bro. J. C. McIntyre Tyler, and Bro. Jack Carpenter organist.—(Staff Photo)

The saga of the 'Burnt Shirt' is part of family's history

"The Story of the Burnt Shirt" became part of family history for the Rosells, and for years various relatives said to Sam Rosell "You should write that story!"

Now a resident of Penticton, B. C., has done just that. He sent the story of his childhood in Acton to a cousin, Miss Kaye Roszell, in Acton. Second cousin Miss Bella-Maye Roszell forwarded it to the Free Press. Here's Sam's story.

If you live in Acton, Ontario, or are ever passing through that wonderful little town, on the north-east corner of Church Avenue and Willow Street you may still see a large double house, very much as it was at the beginning of the century. The north half is used as a dwelling and the south half as a laundry, just as it was 65 years ago. Also, the laundry sign is as it was then. If that old house could talk it could tell some very interesting stories. That is where Stephen Rosell and his wife and family lived from 1896 until New Year's Eve of 1901 and I was one of his six living children.

I was born June 3, 1888. That would make me from 9 to 12 years old while living in Acton. I would like to say here that childhood in those days was not as it is nowadays. Spare the rod and spoil the child was the rule and the rod was not spared.

A cat of nine tails was to be found in most homes in the gay nineties. Now a cat of nine tails was made from a piece of strap about thirty inches long and an inch wide. This was doubled and the two ends cut in strips about ten inches long making about nine strips. The tails were usually seared over the hot lid of a stove to give them more feeling. The user held the strap by the loop and the offender received the lash end.

After every trip to the woodshed I vowed that if I lived to be a man I would do something about that cruelty that destroyed the confidence in a child, made nervous wrecks of others, but before I reached manhood a decided change had taken place till today it is a rare thing to hear of a child getting a licking. I find that now children have the confidence they should have—they are even better mannered and behaved than in my childhood days and I have been in touch with a great many of them through the years.

My parents were very kind and did the best they could for us considering the amount of income they had to go on. Honesty and truthfulness were their standard for proper living and the custom in all homes and school was corporal punishment for misbehaviour of any kind. We had no supervised swimming pools or covered skating rinks. We had to make our own amusement, if and when we could find any time between our allotted work.

In the summer one of my jobs was to drive cows to and from pasture morning and evening about one mile beyond the town limits. Most families kept a cow. I would have about a dozen on my list.

I would bring them down, distribute them to their respective owners and while the milking was being done I would have my breakfast, then gather my cows up and away to pasture with them again and then back to town in time for school.

If I were late I would be sure of a licking from the principal. That chore meant that I had to walk or run more than eight miles every day rain or shine—Sundays included. We all attended church twice every Sunday and also Sunday school. Six o'clock never saw me in bed.

I received fifty cents per cow per month and all the money I earned went into the family pot. In the winter I had to pull one end of a crosscut saw to cut wood for the laundry and household use.

I learned to swim soon after coming to Acton and used to be in the old swimming hole in the big Mill Pond whenever possible. I don't know when the girls took their baths but they never went swimming with us boys.

There were no dressing rooms and we always swam in our bare skins. We used to swim into the late fall and on one occasion we were swimming when the water was unusually cold. We gathered wood and made a cheerful fire and then we would take a dip, come out and dance around the fire and while I was having a plunge someone threw my shirt into the fire and it was all ablaze when I came out of the water.

Now I was in a fix. I knew I would be in for an application of the cat of nine tails if my mother found out that I had lost my shirt. I had to do some fast thinking on my way home. We always wore a blouse over our shirts and my shirt would not be missed until I took my blouse off.

So I put my blouse on and started for home doing some more hard thinking—and this is the scheme I came up with. I just had two shirts, home made and exactly alike. Now if I could manage to get the mate to the shirt that got burnt and get it on without being detected, then I might escape the inevitable consequences.

There was and still is a lean-to at the back of the old house and an old gate post at the corner of the lean-to. Now, if I could get onto the post, then onto the lean-to and across the roof and into an upstairs window, get the other shirt, put it on and get out again without getting caught, I would be safe.

It was a chance I must take. So I started to work on the scheme. I got up onto the roof and into my sister's bedroom. (My sister was eighteen and kept house).

When nicely into the bedroom, to my horror I heard my sister coming upstairs. I knew if she caught me she would have no mercy, so I crawled under her bed. She stayed in the room for what seemed to be an hour. I never stayed so still for so long, or jched so much all over in my whole life. But, as all things must come to an end, she went downstairs. I located the shirt, put it on, also my blouse and down to safety.

Well, come Sunday morning, the time for changing shirts, my mother searched high and low and in between for the mate of the shirt she thought I had on and said many times "I can't understand where that shirt went to". I didn't lie about it I just kept my mouth shut and looked innocent.

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Ancient culture

Dug up in Newfoundland

Not pieces-of-eight but fragments of an archaic culture. The "treasure site" was the graveyard of an ancient Indian culture designated by Don MacLeod as Maritime Archaic. The burial sites of these people were characterized by the presence of red ochre or "red paint".
The whole story began in a most mundane way, three years ago, when Frank Curtis and his brother Stanley started to dig a backhouse in their garden on Twillingate Island, Newfoundland.

Suddenly one of the shovels unearthed a slate spear point. Further digging yielded 14 other items. The brothers contacted provincial authorities who, in turn, notified Dr. William B. Taylor, Jr., Director of the National Museum of Man. Donald MacLeod was promptly dispatched to the scene to carry out a systematic, scientific investigation. Now at the conclusion of three field seasons several more fragments of evidence have fallen neatly into place.

The discovery of that ancient spear point has triggered an intensive investigation into the Twillingate site and a review of other finds in Newfoundland. "We know," said Mr. MacLeod, that the same geographic area was occupied at different periods of time by at least three different cultures: in approximate terms, from the Maritime Archaic, from 6-600 A.D. by the Dorset Eskimo and from 1000 A.D. to a little over 100 years ago by the Beothuk Indian.

Following on the heels of the discovery at Twillingate was that of another site at Port-aux-Choix, Newfoundland. Both sites are characterized by the presence of red ochre. Careful observation of the deposits allow archaeologists to reconstruct the burial customs of these people.

The general procedure was to lay the body on a bed of red ochre, in a flexed position with the knees drawn up to the chest, and more ochre placed on top. Implements and weapons which the deceased might have used in life were laid on top of and beside the body, along with birch-bark containers probably filled with food offerings. Altogether a total of 15 graves were excavated at Twillingate, yielding a total of 400 artifacts. In addition, two small dwelling



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PEOPLE OF NASSAGAWEYA DO YOU CARE? WRITE NOW!



AS YOUR DEPUTY REEVE I AM DEEPLY CONCERNED ABOUT PROPOSALS FOR REGIONAL GOVERNMENT AND THEIR EFFECT ON NASSAGAWEYA. UNLESS CITIZEN OPINIONS ARE EXPRESSED IN SUFFICIENT VOLUME THERE WILL BE NO HOPE OF PRESERVING THE TOWNSHIP.

It is proposed that Nassagaweya be split and scattered with one section attached to Milton and another to Wellington County.

DO YOU CARE?

The planning for land uses will be transferred to the regional level of government far removed from the people who know Nassagaweya and who have lived here for generations.

DO YOU CARE?

Halton has sufficient population now to be made a unit of regional government but instead of doing this the Minister of Municipal Affairs is forcing Halton and Peel to be merged.

DO YOU CARE?

Nassagaweya has a reasonable budget because councils have kept spending in line with community needs. Any advantage of this can be lost if we are attached to an urban area with different service needs.

DO YOU CARE?

I Hope You Care about these and other points cloaked in Regional Government. But caring isn't enough.

WRITE NOW TO

Mr. George Kerr Hon. John P. Roberts
Hon. Darcy McKeough Mr. Robert Nixon and Mr. Donald McDonald

ALL CAN BE ADDRESSED AT THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS, QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO, ONT.

Make Your Concern Known Now While there is Still Time

WRITE NOW!

Sincerely, ANNE MacARTHUR